

A Narrow Escape From Krampus, and a Christmas Spanking!

By Yu May

[Author's note: This interlude takes place between the events of *Liesl and the Terrible Krampus Christmas* parts 1 and 2, and overlaps with events in part 2. It can be read on its own, but you might want to read those stories first. ChatGPT was not used for this side story. Content warning: depicts corporal punishment.]

While Liesl was busy “enjoying” her Christmas Eve with Krampus, the child-napping, bottom-whapping goat demon, her cousin, little red-headed, red-bottomed Gretchen was quietly laying on her bed, in her drop-seat pajamas.

With flecks of snow drifting down along the window and the distant sound of carollers wassailing, Christmas was in the air. As it happened, so was Gretchen's bottom.

With her drop-seat appropriately dropped *down*, and a pillow propping her seat *up*, Gretchen was now a picture of obedience. It was unfortunate for Gretchen that she hadn't decided to be obedient earlier. If only she hadn't tried to pilfer her mother's jam, she could have avoided this bedtime spanking.

Her mother, Gertrude, had firmly ordered Gretchen to have her bottom unwrapped like a Christmas present before she arrived, and that was precisely what Gretchen's bottom was. Gretchen was giving her mother her bottom as a Christmas Eve present, Gertrude was giving her daughter a spanking as a Christmas Eve present. Truly, it is better to give than receive!

To distract herself from the coming doom, Gretchen entertained herself with imaginings of how lucky she was to be getting a spanking from mother instead of from Krampus. Giggling and kicking her footy pajamas, Gretchen pictured poor Cousin Liesl getting spanked all night by the ferocious demon.

But then, Gretchen remembered her own visit from Krampus, precisely one year ago on Christmas Eve, and that put a damper on her wicked Schadenfreude. Gretchen had begged and bawled, promised to be a good little girl for an entire year, but Krampus never showed mercy.

Frowning, Gretchen held her bottom lightly, remembering that night. She felt two angry welts, each the size of a Christmas cookie, on her cheeks, left by her mother's warm up spanking with the flapper.

Then, with a gulp, Gretchen remembered that according to tradition, children who were spanked by Krampus were also birched by their parents! After being returned safely home, her only Christmas present that year had been spanking after spanking from both “Mutter” and “Vater.”

A terrible picture came to Gretchen’s mind. Her siblings had all sat gathered by the Christmas tree, while Gretchen lay across her papa’s lap as he was seated in his favorite chair next to the fireplace, with her nightgown lifted up over her back. As the rest of her family had opened their presents, papa had steadily spanked her with his hand to “keep her toasty.” Any time it would have been Gretchen’s turn to open a present, her mama would read from a list of her Christmas presents, telling her what Gretchen *would* have gotten if she hadn’t been such a naughty girl this year. Instead, those toys had been the ransom payment required by Krampus. After Mutter had reminded Gretchen of what her naughtiness had cost her, Vater had snatched up a handy roof shingle and applied 10 hard whacks, also to remind her what her naughtiness had cost her. Then, he would return to spanking her with his hand as her siblings unwrapped the next round of wonderful, magical Christmas gifts left by Santa Claus.

By the time all the Christmas presents were opened, Gretchen had wept with despair, asking if there wasn’t just one present for her under the tree! Mutter and Vater had smiled, telling her that there was indeed a Christmas present for her...before pulling out a thick bundle of hazel switches left for her by Krampus with the written note, “For the Naughtiest Little Girl in Weiberg.” Papa had carried her flailing over his shoulder, naked as the day she was born, straight to his woodshed to give her a few hours of proper birching with Krampus’ present.

That had only been the first of many spankings for Gretchen on that long, tearful Christmas Day. Every family had their own house rules and traditions for a Christmas Day Spanking. But there was one essential aspect of the shared tradition: it lasted from morning til night, and the entire village would know about it and approve of it.

Gretchen technically hadn’t been bad enough to merit a visit from Krampus this year. But would her parents give her the Christmas Day Spanking anyway?

Gretchen trembled, and for the first time that night, she felt sorry for poor Cousin Liesl.

A rap-tap-tap at the door announced Gertrude’s arrival, and Gretchen’s hands flew away from her bottom and into position. Getting caught rubbing a freshly spanked

bottom, a bottom that was *supposed* to be awaiting a second spanking before bed, risked getting a third spanking.

Mutter Gertrude entered just in time to catch a glimpse of Gretchen's hands flying into place and made a mental note. Generally, Gertrude wasn't too strict about the "no rubbing after a spanking" rule, but she didn't want to encourage it either.

Gertrude finished rolling up her sleeves, flexing her muscular arms made strong from years of spanking good exercise. "I saw that. You know you're supposed to keep your hands off your bottom when you're waiting for a spanking. That's going to cost you extra spans, Gretchen."

Gretchen let out a little whine before quickly adding a polite, "Yes, Mutter!"

Gretchen felt her mother's shadow looming over her from behind.

Gertrude examined her "Christmas Eve present" and contemplated how to begin. On the one hand, starting a spanking off immediately with no nonsense had a way of teaching a naughty child that justice was swift and sure. On the other hand, letting the moment hang would allow Gretchen a few precious moments to contemplate her misdeeds. Gertrude wasn't planning to spank Gretchen all Christmas Day, of course, but the stains from the stolen jam all over Gretchen's pajamas were a reminder that Gretchen needed a strict reminder of how to behave if she didn't want Krampus to kidnap her.

Gertrude saw beads of sweat trickle down both her daughter's forehead and hinderparts, and decided a little lecturing was in order!

Gretchen saw the massive shadow recede, and heard slow, ponderous steps before her mother seated her solid frame onto the bed next to Gretchen. The springs groaned in protest.

"Gretchen, tell me why you are being spanked tonight, on Christmas Eve."

"Because I disobeyed and stole jam from your cupboard, Ma'am."

"Your cousin Liesl is likely getting spanked by Krampus by now! You remember your night with Krampus. How long do you think Krampus is going to spank Liesl tonight?"

Gretchen swallowed. "He's prolly gonna' spank her all night til midnight. An' if she doesn't learn to obey, he gets to keep her all Christmas Day, too!"

"Or much longer than that. Sometimes, disobedient children are trapped by Krampus for an entire year! Sometimes they never learn to obey, and are spanked forever and ever."

Eyes wide, Gretchen's cheeks paled at the thought. Even her bottom cheeks forgot their recent spanking and went snowy white.

Gertrude rested her hand on Gretchen's back lovingly. "I don't want that to happen to you, so I have to remind you to behave so that Krampus never gets you again. Tell me, Gretchen, how long and how hard of a spanking do you think you deserve for what you did?"

Gretchen's eyes flicked away. "I dunno. I know I deserve a spanking though."

"That's good, Gretchen. But think about it. What is worse? To be spanked all Christmas Day tomorrow? Or to be spanked all day, every day, forever and ever?"

Gretchen looked back to her Mother, tearing up. "S'worse to get spanked for forever."

"That's right, Gretchen. And to save you from that, I'm willing to spank you as much as I have to. Now, I don't want to give you a Christmas spanking. I want us all to have a nice Christmas tomorrow. So, I want you to tell me what you think. Do you think you deserve a Christmas Day spanking tomorrow? It's not a trick question. Just tell me what you really think."

Gretchen heard the love in her mother's voice and felt her panic fade. She thought about it, lowering her lips to her bed contemplatively. "I dunno, Mutter. I don't *want* a Christmas Day spanking tomorrow. But I guess I deserve whatever spanking you decide to give me for stealing that jam."

"That's a good attitude to have. Here's another way of thinking about it. If you don't need a Christmas Day spanking to remind you not to steal jam again, then you don't need a Christmas Day spanking at all. Do you think you can remember not to steal my jams again?"

"I think I can remember."

“What happens if you see the jam, and it looks like the most delicious jam in the entire world? What about then?”

“It’s harder to remember then.”

“And that’s why I’m spanking you. Not because I want to spank you, but because I need to help you remember to be good.”

“Do I need the Christmas Spankin’ to help me ‘member to be good, Mutter?”

Gertrude patted Gretchen encouragingly and stroked the small of her back (it was comforting, but a little too close to her bottom for comfort, in Gretchen’s opinion). “I don’t think you need another Christmas Day spanking this year, Gretchen. You really did try to be a good girl for most of the year. But I am going to give you a good, sound bedtime spanking tonight. And tomorrow morning, you will get another spanking before breakfast, to remind you, and your brothers, and your sisters how to behave. After that, you will have paid for the stolen jam in full.”

Gretchen nodded. The prospect of a “Gute Nacht Prügelstrafe” followed by a “Guten Morgen Prügelstrafe” was difficult, but at least she would be spared the long ordeal of being spanked morning, noon, and night on Christmas, and having all her friends hear of it to boot. “I’ll learn my lesson, Mutter. Already, I think I’ve learned my lesson!”

Gertrude chuckled, and moved from giving Gretchen an encouraging pat on the back to giving her a few encouraging pats on the behind. “Well, I’ll believe that after I’m done teaching you a lesson.”

Gretchen felt the love and encouragement in the gesture, but she also felt her two welts twinge at the slightest touch.

Gertrude stood up, and pronounced sentence. “I’m going to give you 100 schläge for stealing the jam tonight. After that, you will get your extras for rubbing your bottom. Tomorrow morning, we will repeat this lesson for the benefit of the whole family.”

Gretchen nodded, her bottom starting to tremble again.

“Also, because your spanking is not over until tomorrow morning, that means no rubbing tonight. I also expect to see this bottom bare and ready first thing tomorrow morning when the rooster crows. In fact, I think you need to ‘halten Sie diesen Hintern die ganze *Nacht nackt*.’ [Keep this hintern *naked* all *night*]. No sense buttoning up your pajama

seat. Your brothers and sisters need to see the consequences of your actions, so you will keep your spanked bottom on display all Christmas! Now, repeat back what I said so I know you understand what is expected of you.”

With a deep breath, Gretchen repeated her marching orders. As she repeated the words, she felt the reality of them sink in, and accepted them. Her Christmas would be an embarrassing one, but at least she still had the solace of knowing a spanking wouldn't be her only Christmas present tomorrow.

Gretchen reflected on how mercy is being spared a deserved punishment, while grace is being given an undeserved gift. Gretchen knew she was about to get precisely the punishment she deserved. But she realized she was being shown both mercy and grace.

At that moment, Gretchen felt she understood the true meaning of Christmas spirit! “Yes, Mutter! I am ready!” she answered cheerfully.

Gertrude rolled back her head and laughed as jovially as Santa Claus ever did. “Ho ho ho! Das ist meine kleine Rothaarige! [That's my little redhead!]”

This time, when Gretchen saw the shadow loom over her, she felt prepared. Her fear was gone. The distant song of the carolers drew closer and stronger. Gertrude's hand paused in the air as she caught the words of “God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay...”

With a smile, Gertrude landed the first, hearty spank, to her daughter's dismay. Nevertheless, Gretchen behaved herself like a proper Christmas angel as her mother delivered 100 crisp hand spanks, with no more lecturing needed.

At the sound of the words, “To save us all from Satan's power, while we had gone astray,” Gretchen started to cry the first tears of repentance. She had gone astray, and with every stroke she felt her Mutter's desire to save her from the clutches of sin.

Gretchen started weeping after the 25th spank, then broke down into heavy sobbing after 50. After 75 spanks, her legs and arms squirmed involuntarily, but she resolutely kept them away from her bottom. When the 90th spank landed, Gretchen's heroic “Willenskraft” was tested to its breaking point. She lifted her hips off her cushion, tucking her legs and arms tightly into the pillow. Gertrude paused, and when she saw that Gretchen was still keeping her hands away, she finished delivering the final 10 spanks in a perfunctory manner.

Gertrude beamed, silently impressed by her daughter's resolve and satisfied with her work. "No need to give her an extra punishment for moving so slightly. She's offering herself up so prettily!"

...However, Gertrude had not forgotten the earlier infraction. "Well done, Gretchen! Now, there is the final matter of rubbing your bottom when you should have been waiting for your punishment!"

Wiping away tears on her blanket, Gretchen peeped behind her to see her mother produce a heavy wooden spoon. Irony of ironies, it was the same spoon she used to make jams and preserves!

Gertrude considered her options. While it was true that she didn't enjoy spanking her daughter, Gertrude certainly took pride in a job well done. In her younger days, she had been a star of the stage, before her husband Yosef had made an honest woman of her! Gertrude found that a flair for the dramatic made a punishment far more effective. "Put that pillow away. You won't need it. Lie on your back with your hands at your sides."

Gretchen obeyed, and to her dismay, found her mother lifting her feet into the air as if she was a baby being diapered. The flap of her pajamas succumbed to gravity, and slapped lightly against her already sore bottom.

Gertrude put a hand to her mouth in a gesture of surprise, straight from her theater days. "Silly me! Can't have that flap in the way. Gretchen, be a dear and hold this up for me!" Gertrude lifted the flap and tucked it between Gretchen's legs. Nervously, Gretchen raised her hands and held onto the flap of fabric. Her mother's massive hands were able to keep a firm grip on both ankles, and Gretchen was unable to take her eyes off the terrible spoon for an instant as it rose into the air, and...

SPLAT!

Gertrude spanked slowly but surely, keeping an eye on both her daughter's bottom and her face, before quickening her pace and applying the spoon to Gretchen's upside-down backside more liberally. Gertrude began by silently counting out 25 spanks with the spoon, one for every day of the Advent calendar! After delivering the initial "quarter of a century," Gertrude slowed back down to a steady half step march pace and carried on without counting. She hadn't settled on a definitive number, and waited to make sure she got the fresh tears she was looking for.

Outside, the Christmas carollers had struck up a rousing rendition of “Joy to the World” and Gertrude began to spank in time to the rhythm. She hummed the tune to herself as the words “Repeat the sounding joy! Repeat the sounding joy! Repeat! Repeat, the sounding joy! ” pierced through the cold air.

Thankfully, Gretchen’s tears came more quickly this time. The rough wooden spoon stung more harshly than even Gertrude’s heavy hand could, and the two welts were now positively pleading with pain. Gretchen felt like she was getting two spankings at the same time, both competing for attention, and the sight of the terrible spoon and her mother’s concerned, but determined face was inescapable.

Already feeling like a silly little baby, Gretchen bawled openly, tears streaming backwards into her ears and snot running out of her nose. Pleased, Gertrude counted out 10 final spanks for a total of 75, then set down her thoroughly repentant and sorry daughter’s legs.

Gretchen’s hands almost flew instinctively to her bottom, but Gertrude’s guiding hands rescued her from disobeying.

Gretchen rolled onto her back, trying to remove the temptation to rub, but the second her bottom touched the surface of the bed, Gretchen’s eyes went wide and she rolled back onto her stomach desperately.

Gertrude watched carefully, waiting to see if Gretchen would obey her instructions. She had rescued her daughter once. Gertrude did not want to give Gretchen four spankings in one night, but there was only one appropriate punishment if Gretchen chose to rub her bottom after being spanked for rubbing her bottom.

Gretchen stretched her entire body until it was ramrod straight, her arms at her sides like a soldier at attention. Gretchen lightly slapped the sides of her hips, as though her hands were protesting the orders from her brain to stay off her bottom.

Gertrude noticed Gretchen’s pinkies grace against the red flesh on the sides of both her hips, flirting right at the edge of disobedience, before Gretchen unstiffened. She let out a deep breath that trailed off into a moan, her hands relaxed and rested at her sides, palms upturned, and she seemed to sink into the mattress in defeat. She had obeyed!

Gertrude beamed, before gently lifting her up and guiding her into a hug.

After Gretchen had cried out the last of her tears, mother and daughter kissed, and Gretchen crawled back onto her stomach on her bed, hiccuping and sniffing.

Gertrude wagged a finger. "Gretchen, you mustn't forget your prayers!"

It was remarkable how quick to obey a girl can be when she has a freshly spanked bottom. Gretchen climbed out of bed and kneeled, her head bowed against her mattress, her hands folded in prayer. After Gertrude led Gretchen in a traditional Christmas prayer, Gretchen added "Now I lay me down to sleep" of her own volition.

As Gertrude tucked her in, she couldn't help noticing Gretchen wince as the blanket brushed against her buttocks. Once white as two snowglobes, they were now red as two Christmas ornaments.

Gertrude kissed Gretchen on the forehead. "Ich liebe dich, Tochter."

Gretchen accepted the kiss, too tired to do anything but mumble, "Ich liebe dich, Mami."

As Gretchen drifted off to sleep, the last thing she heard was the sound of the carollers singing "Silent Night," in harmony.

During the night, Gretchen dreamed of Krampus taking her away and spanking her with his terrible birches, but she also dreamed of Santa Claus and her mutter and vater coming to rescue her. Gretchen smiled sleepily as she dreamed of Santa Claus, and Mutter, and Vater lovingly spanking her before drawing her into a hug and sitting her down for Christmas presents.

The following morning, Gretchen awoke at the sound of the rooster's crow, and the first thing she felt was the tell-tale after burn of the previous night's spanking. It was an effective wake up call. Hopping out of bed, she rushed downstairs, and even the full knowledge that a spanking was coming couldn't dampen the excitement of Christmas presents!

Gretchen found her mutter and vater seating by the Christmas tree, in a tender embrace. None of her siblings were up.

Vater looked up from his stolid, matronly wife. "Ah! Gretchenschatzi! Fröhliche Weihnachten! I heard tell your mutter rescued you from Krampus last night! Imagine being good for an entire year only to bungle it on Christmas Eve!"

“Frohe Weihnachten, Vati! I’m going to get a good morning spanking before breakfast!” answered Gretchen, brightly.

She couldn’t take her eyes off the wonderful presents. “Can I have it now?”

“Not quite yet, Gretchen. Give your siblings time to wake up. Sit down here with us.”

Gretchen hesitated only for a moment. “...Sit down? Yes, Mama.”

Perhaps unconsciously wanting to avoid mother’s lap for as long as possible, she settled down on her father’s lap, but all three nuzzled together and enjoyed the sight of the Christmas tree for a few peaceful minutes. Her siblings arrived one or two at a time, Matthias, Marc, Lukas, Johannes, Maria, and Rebekka.

Her older siblings, Matthias, Marc, and Maria, had been up late and heard the tell-tale sounds, and, at the sight of Gretchen with her pajamas’ drop-seat lowered, they knew what to expect. Her younger siblings, Lukas, Johannes, and Rebekka only glanced quizzically at Gretchen’s bared bottom for a moment, if they noticed her at all with the thought of presents.

Vater ordered the younger children to sit and pay attention, then explained the facts of the matter at hand. Lukas, Johannes, and Rebekka’s eyes almost popped out of their heads at the news that Krampus visited last night. They burst into questions, wondering if Krampus had taken Gretchen this year...again.

But Mutter silenced them with a clap of her hands that said without words, “I can spank more than one bottom in one day!”

Vater nodded appreciatively to his wife, and continued where he left off, explaining how children must be good and not sin to stay safe from Krampus. Then he told Gretchen to tell her brothers and sisters everything from the beginning. Gretchen stood, and rocked back and forth on her feet, her hands behind her back as she narrated the sad, sordid tale of her misdeeds. Gretchen had inherited her mother’s love of theater. When she got to the part of the story where the spanking took place, Gretchen fearlessly reenacted the entire affair, to her siblings’ delight and terror. Mother gave her a gentle pat on the behind to indicate it was time to wrap up her little Christmas play.

Nodding obediently, Gretchen turned around and showed her full moon to her siblings so they could inspect the damage of the previous night, before announcing what they all knew was coming. “And I’m going to get a good morning spanking before breakfast to

remind me to behave. Lukas! Johannes! Rebekka! Watch closely, and don't you forget what happens to me lest you get the same!"

"Thank you, Gretchen. Now, I believe I still have Krampus' Christmas gift for you from last year!" Gertrude produced the dreaded bundle of switches, carefully preserved since last Christmas. For some reason, Krampus had used hazel switches to craft this bundle rather than his usual preference for birches. Gretchen wondered if Krampus collected the switches from the hazel tree in their yard to make it especially for her. She had no time to wonder any further however.

Mother delivered the promised 100 hand spans as a warm up, followed by 20 strokes with the birch. The hazel switches produced just as profound an effect as the birch could.

Gretchen was mewling and crying all over again by the end, and just when her younger siblings had decided to be perfectly behaved forever, Gertrude pointed firmly towards Gretchen's father. Without either of them having to speak a word, Gretchen silently obeyed her mother's silent order. She crawled off her mother's lap, limped toward her father, and climbed up onto his lap.

Vater felt sympathy for his precious "little treasure," but knew his duty. He delivered the exact same punishment again. 100 hand spans followed by 20 strokes with the birch. He may have been a bit gentler than his wife, sensing that his daughter had repented of ever stealing jam again.

After dancing a merry Christmas jig, Gretchen held her bottom, before pulling her hands away with a start. "Verzeihung, Mutter! Sorry, Vater! I forgot!"

Gertrude looked to her husband, prepared to obediently submit to his decision on the matter.

"Wir vergeben dir! [We forgive you!]" announced Vater.

Mutter leaned close to Gretchen's ear. "Du darfst dir jetzt den Hintern reiben. [You may rub your bottom, now!]"

Grateful that her punishment was finally behind her, Gretchen rubbed away as much of the mad stinging from her behind as she could.

She decided to remain standing as Mutter served a delicious Christmas breakfast of eggs, bacon and sausage.

But when it was time for Christmas presents, Mutter placed a wooden stool near the tree and pointed for Gretchen to sit with the rest of her siblings. With a sad pout, Gretchen obeyed, only to find that the lingering pain of the spanking had somewhat faded. With the exception of a warm tingling, she found she could *mostly* sit comfortably, though the two round welts left by the flapper still stung. With a glance down her own back, Gretchen shifted her weight from one cheek to the other, before the sight of her first Christmas present helped her forget her misfortunes.

As she opened the last of her presents, a wonderful book of fairy tales complete with engraved pictures, Gretchen suddenly remembered something and began to weep. Matthias noticed and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "What is wrong, Gretchen? Are you still sore from your spanking?"

"No! ...Well, yes, but that's not why I'm crying! I'm crying because I remembered that Cousin Liesl is getting no Christmas presents this year, and I don't know if she ever got home safe from Krampus' shack in the woods, and last night I was happy she was getting spanked by Krampus because she killed my snowmen, but now I feel awful! BAW!"

Matthieu, Vater, and Mutter all laughed in relief, before Matthieu explained. "Don't worry, we men go out looking any time Krampus takes a boy or girl. We can't stop him from spanking a naughty child who really deserves it, but we always find them and bring them home safe! Cousin Liesl is home safe and sound for Christmas."

Mutter nodded, but pantomimed the act of spanking an imaginary Liesl. "Yes, although I'd wager she's getting a safe and sound spanking right about now, if her parents have any sense! Hopefully, we'll see her tonight as well!"

Sure enough, they did. Gretchen enjoyed a beautiful, magical Christmas with her family, and in the evening, Liesl's vater brought her around town to show all the children of Weiburg precisely what happens to naughty children. Gretchen and Liesl forgave each other their old grudges, and sympathized with each other's pains.

And if you can believe it, when she saw the state of Liesl's bottom after an encounter with Krampus, Gretchen was positively thankful to have been spanked by her Mutter and Vater that Christmas day.

The End